

The Republican.

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LOCAL FRAY.

IN Dorchester, there has been established, about three years, a paper, called the *Dorset County Chronicle*. Several tradesmen tried to keep it up, but could not. It has been in the hands of three or four different parties, and, at last rumour says, that it has been taken up by the Earl of Shaftsbury. At any rate, its character is very much changed; money seems to be no object in getting it up, and it may be called a respectable CHRISTIAN AND THINGS AS THEY ARE OR WERE PAPER, or the DORSET NEW TIMES.

Seeing it to be fond of discussions upon various matters, I have been watching an opportunity to step my foot into it, and the reader may be assured, that some judgment was necessary to do this in such a paper. But I have done it to good purpose, as the following article, which was its leading article for the 23d inst., will shew.

At this hallowed season of the year it may not be amiss to compare the soul-inspiring views of the Christian with the cheerless and gloomy forebodings of the Infidel, and to trace the effect of both on the good order, the happiness, and general well-being of mankind. To these considerations our mind has been directed by a circumstance which has recently occurred to ourselves. We certainly did not anticipate that we should ever have had to reckon among our correspondants the unhappy man who is confined in the prison of this town in consequence of his blasphemous publication; but so it is that individual has chosen to address to us the following letter:

“ *To the Editor of the Dorset County Chronicle.*

“ SIR,

“ Dorchester Gaol, Dec. 17, 1824.

“ YOUR Correspondent in this day's paper upon the subject of Lord Byron, Mr. Murray, &c. speaks of the ‘ new school of morality and religion.’ May I be permitted to correct him, and your readers generally, by saying that the ‘ new school’ teacheth MORALITY

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without RELIGION. It professeth nothing with respect to *religion*, but to pull it down,

“ I am, Sir, at times,

“ Your much amused reader,

“ RICHARD CARLILE.”

We shall presently state our sentiments on the ridiculous egotism of this miserable creature in identifying himself with the “ New School” which is to work so powerful a change in human nature as to “ pull down” Religion. But first we mean to consider what was actually done toward such an attempt in an age and country not very distant from our own. The immortal pages of Burke supply us with at once the most perspicuous, the most eloquent, and the most convincing reasonings on this part of our subject. “ In the Revolution of France,” says that profound Statesman, “ two sorts of men were principally concerned in giving a character and determination to its pursuits—the *Philosophers*, and the *Politicians*.” We shall pass over what he says of the latter; but of the former he thus truly and forcibly speaks: “ The *Philosophers* had one predominant object, which they pursued with a fanatical fury; that is, *the utter extirpation of religion*. They who have made but superficial studies in the natural history of the human mind, have been taught to look on religious opinions as the only cause of enthusiastic zeal; but there is no doctrine whatever, on which men can warm, that is not capable of the very same effect. They who do not love religion hate it. The rebels to God perfectly abhor the author of their being. They hate him ‘ with all their heart, with all their mind, with all their soul, and with all their strength.’ He never presents himself to their thoughts but to menace and alarm them. They cannot strike the Sun out of Heaven; but they are able to raise a smouldering smoke, that obscures him from their own eyes. Let no one judge of them by what he has conceived of them when they were not incorporated and had no lead. They were then carried along with the general motion of religion in the community; and without being aware of it, partook of its influence. But when the possibility of *dominion* presented itself, then the nature of this infernal spirit, which has ‘ evil for it’s good,’ appeared in full perfection. Without reading the speeches of Vergniaud, François of Nantes, Isnard, and some others of that sort, it would not be easy to conceive the passion, rancour, and malice of their tongues and hearts. They worked themselves up to a perfect frenzy against Religion and all its professors.” So far Burke: but Vergniaud and the orators were soon exceeded in practical atrocity by their own pupils. We have before us the decrees and despatches of Fouche, afterwards Duke of Otranto. This monster being sent on Mission through the Departments, notified that “ the French people could acknowledge no other worship than that of universal morals.” So, we see, he sat out upon

the very same basis as Carleile: let us observe to what course it led. This preamble was followed by ordering that no corpse should have Christian burial, but over the places of sepulture should be written *Death is an eternal sleep*. In his subsequent letters he informs his master Robespierre, that he had procured several millions of francs by the plunder of the churches and gentlemen's seats, and had pulled down the churches and planted the tree of liberty on their ruins. Proceeding to the once rich and flourishing city of Lyons, he there caused to be celebrated a funeral solemnity in honor of one Challier, a notorious Robber; at which solemnity an Ass, covered with a sacerdotal habit, was conducted in the procession, dragging at his tail through the mud the Old and New Testament. "The body of Challier was burnt," says Prudhomme, a cotemporary writer, "and its ashes piously distributed to the disciples of his morality. The *Scriptures* were also burnt: but their ashes were scattered to the winds: and the ceremony concluded with making the Ass drink out of the Communion Cup."!!! These horrible impieties were followed by massacres as horrible: "the guillotinings and shootings," says one of Fouche's associates, "go on not amiss. *Sixty, eighty, two hundred* at a time are shot: and every day we take great care to put a proper number under arrest, that the prisons may be replenished." Fouche himself says "let us show ourselves terrible, that we may not fear becoming weak or cruel. Let us annihilate in our wrath, and at one single blow, *all* the rebels, *all* the conspirators, *all* the traitors." About this time he received at Lyons the news of the recapture of Toulon, on which he thus expressed himself:—"Let the perfidious and ferocious English be assailed from every quarter: let the whole Republic turn itself into a volcano, and pour forth the devouring lava upon them. May the infamous island that produced these monsters, who no longer appertain to the human species, be buried for ever in the waves. We have but one way of celebrating our victory: we shall this evening send *two hundred and thirteen* Rebels under the fire of the thunder." Be it observed that this is no exaggerated picture drawn by an adverse hand: it comes from the pen, and manifestly from the black diabolical heart, of the very author of the crimes: and be it further noted that this was not a solitary instance of cruelty. The same bloody tragedy was acting in the Capital of France, and throughout all its provinces, until the whole nation was covered with blood and mourning.

Surely these things are recorded for our edification! Surely we ought not to overlook or to forget lessons so deeply written in the misery and degradation of a neighbouring people! And is a system which produces such results to be compared with the charity, which suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in ini-

quity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things?

Look here, upon this picture, and on this!

See if any man, with faculties to distinguish from a brute, can prefer to eternal light, and purity, and peace, the darkness, and blood, and horror of a short and perishable existence shut up in an eternal sleep! The one is morality without religion; the other is the morality of the Gospel.

But Christian charity is inseparable from Christian faith and Christian hope. Life and immortality were brought to light through the gospel: and with an eye intent on that glorious prospect we can walk through the valley of the shadow of death. But how does the unbeliever faint by the way; how sadly his spirits sink within him! Lord Byron's genius was a thousand fold more lofty and brilliant than the clod-like ignorance of Carlile; but there is not a more striking trait in his Lordship's poetry than the melancholy which absorbs him when in contemplation he approaches the margin of that fathomless abyss where unassisted reason sees nothing but an infinity of doubt and darkness. Thus in the suppressed stanza of *Childe Harold*, since printed by Mr. Dallas, we find him apostrophising the believer in a future state:—

Thou pitiest me;—alas! I *envy* thee,
Thou bold discoverer, in an unknown sea,
Of happy isles and happier tenants there.

Having thus considered the question of Religion generally, we do not think it necessary to say much of Carlile. He is a low illiterate, ignorant person, who has offended the laws of his country, and who avails himself of the indulgence which those laws permit, even in a prison, to repeat his offences, and to heap new insults upon every thing sacred and venerable: and yet perhaps we shall, in the course of the next Session of Parliament, hear Mr. Hume, or some such sapient Legislator, move for the release of this obdurate offender. To such a motion we think the answer is very short: either Carlile is a fanatic in his irreligion; and if so, the example of Fouché shows us what atrocities may be expected from him if suffered to obtain a lead among his deluded followers; or else Carlile is a crafty knave, who makes a *trade* of gratifying the worthless and ignorant by abusing what they see elsewhere treated with respect. We confess our judgment inclines to the latter opinion. When Carlile was a journeyman Tinman, his idleness, or his incapacity had reduced him to the verge of starvation. Now that he professes Infidelity, he has comfortable apartments in Dorchester Gaol, and is supported at his ease by the dupes who buy his blasphemous and seditious libels.

I read this article with surprise and pleasure, nowith-

standing its abuse and falsehoods. The first thing I did was to send the Editor half a dozen of the last numbers of the Republican, as "*specimens of my ignorance and illiterature*," hinting, that he might possibly learn something from them: and, at the same time, assuring him, that I would send him a complete refutation of his article, and have a *public apology, or an action*, for his last but one sentence. On Christmay day, I received his compliments, with a notice, that he would wait on me, on the Monday morning, being the earliest time he could gain admittance. I will append the particulars of the interview, if possible, this week; but cannot delay the present matter for them. The following is my answer to his article, which, if it gets insertion, will do more good than his paper has done before.

R. C.

Dorchester Gaol, Dec. 26, 1824.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DORSET COUNTY CHRONICLE.

SIR,

Dorchester Gaol, Dec. 23, 1824.

As your leading article of this day concerns me, so it calls for an answer. With one exception, it has but added to that ordinary amusement which your paper affords me. That exception is contained in the last but one sentence, and that sentence must be the subject of a private communication; but here, may I be allowed to proclaim it a falsehood? Your whole article, contrasted with my short, letter, is to me, a pleasing illustration of that Christian Charity of which you boast. Dear and painful experience has made me perfect in what Christian Charity consists.

Your statement of the case is thus: a certain miserable creature, an egotist, a clod-like, ignorant, low, illiterate, person, an obdurate offender of the laws of his country, a crafty knave, or a fanatic, of the name of Carlile, has written to you a short letter of explanation simply to say, that *the new school of philosophers teacheth MORALITY without RELIGION, and professes nothing with respect to religion, but to pull it down.*

This calls from you a long angry article, in abuse of Carlile, of the French Revolution, and of Mr. Hume; by

which, I shall verify the proverb, in shewing, that *anger makes a wise man a fool*. The ignorant and illiterate man will shew, that your anger has made you to write bad argument, bad logic, and bad grammar, to draw inferences without arguments or premises, to distort history in your applications, and to contradict yourself.

In the way of a little more egotism, I will begin with saying, that, I shall be proud of the opportunity, to give proofs of the state of my ignorance, by either an oral or a scriptural discussion, with you, or with any disputant that you can bring against me, on physics or morals, on politics on religion, on history or literature. I never could have written, even when at the mechanic's bench, about suffering a man "*to obtain a lead among his deluded followers*." I should have known, that he could not have *followers* without the act of *leading* them. In the midst of such a vituperative article, with, at least, one deliberate falsehood, I never should have written, that, I belonged to a system of *charity, which suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own*" (*but that of others?*) "*is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things*" (*true or false?*) "*hopeth all things,*" (what even contradictions?) "*endureth all things!*" I never could have written about "*the darkness, and blood, and horror of a short and perishable existence shut up in an eternal sleep*." I never could have put such incoherent, unintelligible, contradictory, and meaningless matter upon paper, whilst I was calling another writer *low, illiterate, and ignorant*, and then with all the majesty of madness, have exclaimed to my readers:

"Look here upon this picture!"

It is my pride, Sir, that by good habits, I have raised myself from the mechanic's bench and hope to be numbered among the giants of the earth. Already, you might have seen, that you are not a mouthful for me. It is my pride, Sir, that in all matters of literature or philosophy, I am self instructed, and that, I have baffled alike, *poverty and persecution*, and now intend to take a lead in the affairs of this country. This, Sir, is my pride. I am not ashamed to look back upon the mechanic's bench and the leathern apron. To me, they have been more honourable, than would have been the pulpit and lawn, the mitre, the coronets or a courtier's dress. I also know that a high minded man would

find my former situation in life, rather a matter of merit, than of reproach; for I never was, as you have asserted, either an *idle* or an *incapable* mechanic, after twenty years of age. And now, I will give the world one of many illustrations, that neither Oxford, nor Cambridge, nor a teacher of Classics, is indispensable to the completion of a scholar, or to constitute a philosopher.

You have set me up as the enemy of religion, and Burke and yourself as its advocates. I am proud of my distinction; for, knowing, that *intelligence is wholly a result of animated animal matter*, and that, *no kind of matter can be a result of intelligence*, I know, that, *all religion is founded on error that, it ever has been, and is, at this day, productive of immeasurable mischief, as a cause of human misery, and, that, consequently, ALL RELIGION IS VICE and has no kind of relation to morality*. Nor have you, "at this hallowed season of the year," this mere imitation of the Roman Saturnalia, shown any thing to the contrary.

But Burke! this advocate of religion! this reprobater of the French Revolution! who or what was this Burke?

It is always well when there is a means, to know a writer's motives, when his matter is suspicious. I am of opinion, that there should be no anonymous public writing. But Burke was not an anonymous writer, and his every motive is as public as are his writings. So let us see what was Burke, and we shall see what his judgment of the French Revolution was worth, or what the religion or system could be worth, that had him for its advocate.

Edmund Burke was an Irishman with great ability; but ability is no proof of honesty. During the war with the American Colonies, he was introduced into the Parliament of this country, under the auspices of the whig party, and so poor, as to require and accept the pecuniary aid and particular patronage of the present Earl Fitzwilliam. He was, in fact, as a public man, always a pensioner; first of the whigs, then of the tories. At first he was a violent opponent of the government, and applauded the revolution, the success, and the independence of the American Colonies. When Thomas Paine returned from America to England, Burke sought his acquaintance and made him his bosom friend. I have seen a letter of Burke's, to a friend, lately, and perhaps now, in the possession of Sir Richard Phillips, the Editor of the Monthly Magazine, in which Burke expresses the high gratification he felt the day before, in having been introduced to, and having dined at the table of one of the ministers with the celebrated Thomas

Paine, the author of *Common Sense*. Mr. Paine mentions that his intimacy with Burke continued throughout the time he was in England, and until Burke avowed his vended apostacy. Through the year 1789, and part of 90, Burke was as warm an advocate for the progress and success of the French Revolution, as he had been for that of the American Colonies. When Mr. Paine first left England, to assist in the councils of the French Revolutionists, he was solicited by Burke to furnish him with authentic and early news of what was passing, or about to pass, in France, assigning, as a reason, his attachment to their cause, his hopes of their success, and his determination, as a public man, to become their apologist, in this country. Mr. Paine did furnish him with such news for some months, and never doubted the fidelity of his acquaintance, until Burke began to write against the cause of the Revolutionists, and avowed to the world that his motive for so doing was because, Mr. Pitt, with the Public Purse in his hand, could and would pension him higher than the whigs had done. If the public could always, at the moment look into the motives of public men, it would be impossible to practise successful deceit upon it.

There, then, Mr. Editor, take and be welcome to such a man as Burke, as the advocate of your religion. Whatever might have been the power of Burke's reasonings upon your mind, it is clear, that it was a sum of money that convinced him, or induced him to write them.

Had I a copy of that celebrated impromptu verse, which the late Lord Ellenborough wrote and presented to Burke, in the House of Lords, during the trial of Warren Hastings, I would copy it here. Nor is it perfect in my memory; but, the subject and substance of it was, an allusion to the tale, that Ireland produces no venomous reptiles, and a cause assigned, that nature had preserved her venom in that district to concentrate it in a Burke! This verse has gone the round of the papers, since I have been in this Gaol, and you will illustrate your next quotation from Burke, if you will subjoin it.

As to your connection of Antichristianity with the horrid scenes of the revolution in France, I have to observe, that, correct history, will turn the argument against you. The practice of pointing to the French Revolution, when any thing is said against religion, has become as stale and unprofitable a trick, as the lying death-bed stories of Voltaire and Paine. Southey and Stoddart have worn it out. What sorry facts? What says France now upon the sub-

ject? You tell us to look at her misery and degradation. But, where, in France, will you find misery and degradation, such as that which exists in England and Ireland, and which existed in France before her revolution? Before the revolution, the French People were pressed to the earth, by the oppressions and exactions of the Priests and Aristocracy. They were just, what the Spaniards now are, wholly Christian. The infidelity of a few philosophers had not reached the mass of the people. The French people, before the revolution, read nothing but Church Legends, and knew nothing in the way of principle, as to religion or politics. When the revolution came, it found them wholly Christian, and the very exactions, which had pressed the people to the earth, so impoverished the government, as financially to produce that revolution. There were, certainly, a few philosophers ready to seize the opportunity and to endeavour to instruct the people; but they did not succeed, and were the first to sustain the vengeance of an oppressed Christian populace bursting their chains and rushing to destroy those whom they considered their past oppressors. The real philosophical infidels of France, sought to accomplish their good purposes by mild and moral means; but they failed, upon the same ground, as the Spanish Constitutionalists have failed by their mild measures. The mass of the people were Christian, their passions were unbridled, from the absence of a powerful government, and they were the ignorant and ready instruments of the worst of men. Good men did not seek the support of these unbridled passions. The authors of the first Constitutional Charter, of all that was dignified and praiseworthy in the revolution, the real philosophical infidels of France, either perished on the scaffold or in the prisons. Thomas Paine alone escaped and that by accident, by a violent fever, which was expected to carry him out of life, whilst in a prison, and, at a moment when the guillotine was yawning for him. He, alone, of the philosophical infidels, who acted in the early and better part of the revolution, escaped the religious fury and Bourbon policy of Robespierre. Brissot, his friends, and Anacharsis Clootz, fell under the guillotine, and Condorcet was starved in a prison.

At no period of the revolution was France so deeply Antichristian and irreligious as she is at this moment, and now we see her the only real thriving country in Europe! She has no tithes, no Church fees of any kind, no game laws, and not a third of the taxation which this country has to

sustain. England has ever taken the lead of France, as to Antichristian principles, and yet, there are people among us, most inconsistently and incessantly holding up the irreligion of France, as a beacon to be avoided; whilst the Bourbon government in France, with good reasons for itself, has a perfect dread of an English Newspaper! The question is not now, as to whether the established Church of this country shall be removed by Antichristians; but whether the Roman Catholics or Antichristians shall remove it. It is now not a question, as to Protestantism, or dissent, in forms and ceremonies; but throughout Europe, the question is, shall Christianity recur to its state in the dark ages, or be wholly removed by the Antichristian philosophers. This, and this alone, is the existing question: nor can any middle way be sustained. The question is—*shall that system be re-established, which produced those horrors, of the French Revolution, of which you complain, or shall the laws of this age be founded upon the highest state of knowledge now existing?*

As little as any man do I approve of the horrors of the French revolution: no man, more than myself, has a greater abhorrence of bloodshed and of every kind of animal pain; but still, looking at France before the revolution, and looking at her now, truth is compelled to exclaim, that her revolution, in the aggregate, has not only been a great political and moral lesson to the world; but France it has rescued from every thing that was vile, miserable and degraded, to make her a truly powerful and splendid nation! Refer the horrors of the Revolution to the sort of government that engendered them, and the good effects of the revolution, at this day, to the labours of those philosophers whom you condemn, and you will have a clear view of the history, the rise, progress and effect of the French Revolution.

The names of Robespierre and Fouche will number among the monsters that have afflicted mankind, but do not class these two men with the philosophers of the last and present century. It is now a clear matter of history, that, Robespierre, in the plenitude of his power, and amidst all his atrocities, was corresponding with the exiled Bourbons, and intriguing to destroy all the better men that were opposed to their restoration. And, let it never be forgotten, that, amidst, or at the end of of all these atrocities, it was Robespierre, the bloody Robespierre, who moved and carried a decree, with the surviving viler part of the National Convention, that FRANCE ACKNOWLEDGED AND WORSHIPPED ONE

ALMIGHTY GOD, THAT IS ONE IDOL! Fouché also became a Christian Minister under Napoleon and even under Louis the Eighteenth!

The former decrees, that *France was atheistical*, and, that *Death was an eternal sleep*, were ridiculous measures for a legislature. France was not atheistical, she was decidedly Christian, decidedly ignorant; but few of her more prominent men were Atheists; for atheism is a point of knowledge not easily obtained, not to be attained, under the present systems of education, without much independent mental labour.

And, again, *death is not an eternal sleep—death is not a sleep of any kind*. Death is a cessation of sensation, a preliminary to the decay of identity, and an announcement of its speedy dispersion, in a gaseous state, to mingle with the common mass of the earth and its atmosphere. That is death, and the all of death, and I defy you, or any human being, to shew me, that it is, or means, or indicates any other thing. I have a perfect contempt for that delusion, which Lord Byron is said by you to have envied. I know the end of my present being, and am happy and contented in that knowledge, and that end; and knowing that end, knowing, that the time of its approach is uncertain, that it may be to day, or to-morrow, or fifty years hence, I resolve to fill up my fleeting moments, in the best possible manner, for the good of self and all sensitive nature.

You say, that Lord Byron's genius was a thousand fold more brilliant than my clod-like ignorance. It might have been so; but I cannot see it: nor, were it possible, should I be willing to exchange characters and conditions with Lord Byron, at any period of his life. He was a spoiled child—and never a half educated man: Percy Bysshe Shelly and Leigh Hunt impregnated him with some few correct political notions; but he was far from being an adept in them. Almost every thing has been said, for and against Lord Byron, that can be said, and, if I may be allowed to be his judge, I will sum up the evidence as to his character in a very few words. INASMUCH AS HE WAS A LORD, HE WAS LESS THAN A MAN. . He only advanced to manhood, as he began to shake off his aristocratical education and notions, and, I repeat, that, as a man, he was never half educated. His writings will not bear reading in another century; at least, they will be as little thought of as those of Dryden are now. At any rate, I am quite confident, that, I am making a better use of my clod-like ignorance, than ever Lord Byron did of his brilliant genius. I am not alone in saying this,

and write it, with the assurance, that it will be backed by some of the wisest men in England, France, and the United States of North America. I grant, that there are men who have more knowledge than I have; but there is not one, excepting those now identified with me, who will venture to throw as much among mankind, and bid defiance to despotic ignorance. I have uniformly made a practice, and shall continue it, of throwing my little knowledge before the public, as fast as I obtain it: others fear to do this, and gain knowledge but to conceal it.

You have called me a *low, illiterate, and ignorant person*, and you called the late Mr. Richman of Dorchester, a *singularly learned man*. Now, I refer you to Mr. Arden, the present Mayor of Dorchester, as to the fact, of what sort of an appearance, *this singularly learned man* made, before me, in a discussion, about fourteen months ago. And, may I not fairly ask you, why, every learned clergyman in Dorset, is, as your Sacred Scriptures stile such men, a "*dumb dog*," before me?

I have made a long article, but not longer than some insertions I have seen in your paper; and, in the way of explanation, or of setting your readers right upon some most important matters, I am sure, that, it will not be the least useful of your insertions. Not to extend it, to each I leave the summing up: as to my character, I shall content myself, with denying here, that I have offended a single law of this country, and refer you for proofs, to my just published memorial to Mr. Peel.

I am, Sir, yours, though void of Christian charity, free from anger,

RICHARD CARLILE.

TO THE VISITING MAGISTRATES OF DORCHESTER GAOL.

Dorchester Gaol, Dec. 22, 1824.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR WORSHIPS,
FOR the first time, since I have been in this Gaol, a string of rules has been presented to my notice, by the officers of the Gaol. I find only one of them to concern me, and that the last. It says: "*When any prisoner shall conduct himself with extraordinary diligence or merit, he shall be recommended to the Royal Mercy, and receive other such reward as his good behaviour may deserve.*"

Now, your worships, I have been above five years in this Gaol working with the most extraordinary diligence and

merit, so as to have nearly worn out my eyes, and I wonder much, that I have not received this Royal Mercy and reward: and not even Beef and three halfpence farthing at Christmas.

I am, your worships, your diligent ward,
RICHARD CARLILE.

COPY OF A LETTER SENT TO THE KING,
WINDSOR CASTLE.

Dorchester Gaol, Dec. 21, 1824, sixth
year of my imprisonment.

SIR,

I HAVE enrolled my name on your roll of Privy Councillors, and I promise you most faithfully, that I will do, that, which, I fear, my privy fellows do not give you my very best counsel without fear, reserve, or reward. I purpose, rather to amuse and instruct, than to insult or deceive.

My counsel for this week is, that ALL RELIGION IS VICE, and that, you will do well, both for yourself and fellow citizens, to assist in getting rid of it, with all possible and prudent dispatch. My reasons are:

First. Religion is vice; because, it is all founded in error, as was shewn in my last week's counsel.

Second. Religion is vice; because, it corrupts, every mind that imbibes it, and becomes an impediment to the gaining of more useful knowledge.

And Third. Religion is vice; because, where there is sectarianism, and there has always been where religion has existed with a small degree of mental freedom, it constitutes one of the most dreadful immoralities that can degrade a people and afflict a state.

For a case in proof, I refer you to what is now passing, to what has passed, and to what is likely to pass, among those two distinctions of your fellow-citizens called Protestants and Catholics, to the constant toil and turmoil which you must feel religious disputes to introduce into your councils, and, finally, above all, to that mental distraction, to that worst and most mischievous insanity, which a high state of fanaticism perpetuates among the illiterate mass of a people.

I will further counsel you, Sir, upon the state of your health; for, I really wish you a long life. I wish you to outlive, every one of your brothers, and your cousin, my neighbour, the Duke of Gloucester.

I learn, by the newspapers, that, you suffer much pain from the gout, or undue calcareous concretions; and know-

TO THE SAINTS NOT YET GONE TO HEAVEN,
AND TO ALL OTHERS WHO MAY DESIRE TO
ARRAY THEMSELVES AS MY ENEMIES.

I HAVE been informed, that, an offer of money, on the part of some of you, has been made to John Barkley, one of my late imprisoned Shopmen, to obtain a disclosure of my affairs. As I know a great deal more upon the subject than Barkley knows, I have to request, that you will send to me all the money you can afford upon the subject, and I will make a full disclosure of all that you may wish to know. I will tell you some matters gratis.

I find, that up to the present Christmas, I have received, as subscription money, the sum of £1355. 3s. 6d. This sum is independent of what has been subscribed for the different shopmen and for Mrs. Wright. It may be asked, what has been done with it? I answer, more public good than ever the same sum of money did on any former occasion. It has maintained a warfare, more important in its consequences, than any other warfare that has passed among mankind. And this warfare, it has successfully maintained. It has been employed in the creation of *materiel* for this warfare, and what is still more satisfactory, it is not exhausted; but its full value in *materiel* is preserved for the the prolongation of the warfare, and for certain victory! If we could but ascertain what sum of money you saints have spent against us, we should be able to judge better of our progress; but under a very moderate view of your expenditure, I engage, that you have spent at the rate of a thousand to one with our subscription, purchasing with it nothing but discomfort! whilst we, in fact, have spent nothing and are sure of victory! The cause of Materialism or Anti-Christianity has been placed upon a foundation more solid, and more sure than that on which our little Island rests; for, it has extended its foundation to many Islands and to many Continents.

It may gratify you to see some calculations made as to the progress and state of my business. About six years ago, I was scarcely worth a penny, and had nothing worthy of being called a stock in trade. You, Saints, began to persecute me, your Gods could not assist you, and I began to flourish. From January, 1819, my expences have been very great; but you have created the means of supporting them. If I include rent, taxes, rates, wages, family expences, and expences attending prosecutions, that is, all the

expences which I have incurred for carrying on of business, for supporting a scattered family, and for making a stand against prosecutions, I may strike an average at twenty pounds per week, or a thousand pounds per year. The rent, &c. has been about £5. per week. Wages, and other expences attending the business, including allowances to imprisoned shopmen*, lease money, fixtures, and repairs of tenements, have been at least another £5. per week. Expences of a scattered family, with journeys to and fro from one to the other, have been at or near £5. per week. And the other £5. may be set down to general expences of prosecutions, &c. It is not contended that this calculation is precise, nor is it necessary, that it should be so. The two last heads might be over-rated; but any person with a head may suppose nearly what such expences have been. Now, then, Saints, if we suppose the average price of books and pamphlets, that I have sold within the last six years, to be one shilling, and, the average profit, threepence on each, as many threepences as you find in fifteen hundred pounds will be the number of Anti-Christian books with which I have medicated the unhealthy social system of this country. And I assure you, that they have been excellent purgatives. The patient is not yet sufficiently purged; but I will go on, with the additional aid of quicksilver, to scour her well, and to cleanse her at every pore.

Lest you should be deterred from an enquiry into the precise number, I will try my hand at a sum in reduction. How many pieces of money of the value of threepence are there in the sum of fifteen hundred pounds?

Pounds 1500

20

Shillings 30000

4

Pieces of Threepence 120000

We have sold at least an average of one hundred and twenty thousand Anti-Christian books of the value of one shilling, or about twenty thousand a year. But the truth is, that we have had no such profits as threepence in a shilling,

* It ought to be known, that I make no allowance to the present imprisoned shopmen, and that they are entirely on their own bottoms doing the best they can for themselves. Subscriptions should be therefore regulated accordingly, and not made jointly to me and them; as it occasions a difficulty to know to what is meant by the subscribers.

and that we have sold a vast number more than this calculation shews. There were as many copies of the first twelve Nos. of the Republican sold in 1819. There were at least thirty thousand Nos. of the Deist sold in that year; besides other books and pamphlets. But here is a number to fix upon, an hundred and twenty thousand of spirit stirring books, of the price of one shilling each, thrown into the system against Christianity; besides what good has been done through the newspapers and other periodical publications, and by other publishers.

The Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, or the Bible Societies, or the Religious Tract Societies, may be each able to shew, that, in regard to amount of printing, they have exceeded me above all comparison. It may be so, but can they shew a book, that refutes any one of my books? or can they say, that their publications stand the least chance where an individual reads both sides of the question? Not the least: and they know it. Therefore, though mine is a real opposition to them, they have no power with the press to oppose me. They do but excite the appetite for enquiry. Not one of their books will satisfy and compose an enquiring mind; and wherever mine go, all that they have done before me is nothing; in fact, they cannot move without doing mischief to themselves; for their books act but as heralds to the ignorant, to say, that there are better books to be met with. If you saints were wise, you would keep your money in your pockets, print nothing, say nothing, and leave it to the Anti-Christians to stir up the ignorant to enquiry. Enquiry is death to Christianity.

The Republican has become your terror, confined as is its circulation; and terrific as it has hitherto been, you will see it come forth with new powers in the ensuing year. I find it exciting the most intense interest in new quarters, the demand for sets, which we cannot supply, goes on increasing, and I hope, that, in another year, the demand will be sufficient to encourage me to reprint every part that is out of print. The work contains the very essence of every thing that can be brought against you, and, in truth, though I say it, it is, with the Newgate Magazine, the only periodical work in existence, that fairly clears the way for good government.

You may succeed in throwing me out of the present place of its publication, but this will not affect its publication in another place. War with you I will have, at 84, Fleet Street, or at some other house, there or elsewhere.

Dorchester Gaol, Dec. 27, 1824.

R. CARLILE.

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

SIR,

Edinburgh, December 16, 1824.

HAVING just read the number of your Republican for November 19 and 26, I write to send you some observations on them.

No. 26, Vol. X.

In reviewing the boasted sermon by Jesus Christ, on the mount or on the plain, you have displayed great boldness in attacking, and much acumen in criticising it. You have made many correct observations on the doctrines and instructions contained in it. Your criticism is probably too severe for some readers, and certainly will irritate your enemies; but you have taken some revenge on your oppressors, in thus criticising that sermon to death. Altogether, it is a poor production, and utterly unworthy of the praises that have been lavished upon it. Very little of it deserves any praise; many of the directions given in it are either impracticable, or would be pernicious, and deserve all the condemnation you have passed upon them: but it bears internal evidence, that it is a mere patch-work of the authors own compiling; and never was delivered as a real sermon, by Jesus Christ, or any one else.

I have been much amused by reading in some late Republicans, the correspondence between the Doctor and the Unitarian preacher in Dundee; the last two letters from the Doctor are admirable; but I think you rather undervalue the merits of the preacher; he has made great exertions to support a bad cause, which he certainly thinks good. - Had the Evangelists possessed learning and abilities equal to his, they would have written much better books.

Had the correspondence been continued by the Doctor, I should not have troubled myself, or you, with this communication, but as it is likely to be dropt, I propose to make a few observations on the preacher's last letter. I am of opinion that it cannot be proved, that such a person as Jesus Christ existed; but for the sake of particular argument, I shall allow that he did exist, that he lived in Judea at the time stated, that he wandered about the country teaching as stated; and that he was finally crucified at Jerusalem, for the doctrines he taught.

I shall now make a few remarks on some questions put to the Doctor concerning the resurrection and ascension of Jesus, in order to shew that there is no proof of these events. The preacher asks: "if the gloomy prospect of everlasting forgetfulness; if the prospect of the everlasting vanishment of your spirits like a vapour, can cheer you more than the assurance of immortality?" I answer, Materialists *have as much reason* to wish for a life hereafter, and future happiness as Christians have, and would believe it as sincerely, if sufficient proof of it could be shewn; but this cannot be done; even Christianity cannot give assurance of immortality. The difference between Christians and Materialists is this—the mind of the Christian is guided by faith or credulity, which leads him to believe these fancied descriptions, the mind of the Materialist is guided by reason, which leads him to doubt them; and seeing no sufficient proof of the future life and extravagant enjoyment in it, he disbelieves it.

The preacher says, "The propagation of Christianity was an uncommon object, and required for its success uncommon events called miracles, which manifested God's patronage of Christianity," I answer that the propagation of Christianity was not so uncommon an object as the propagation of Mahometanism, which really seemed to receive more assistance from God in its establishment, than the religion of Jesus. No miracles were necessary to establish Christianity; and none were ever wrought. We have only a collection of legendary tales about miracles performed, which some superstitious people *had believed and propagated*,

but no proof that they were wrought. If there is a wise and omnipotent God, he ought to have taken more effectual means than these useless tricks and doubtful tales, to secure so important an object, as the happiness of mankind.

The preacher says, "tell me what law of nature could be violated in the resurrection of Jesus from the dead?" I answer, that there would indeed have been an express law of nature violated by that event, if it had taken place; a law which no man living ever saw violated. We have daily experience, that no animated being, when once really dead, is even again brought to life; nor ought any person to believe that Jesus was raised from the dead, on the hearsay testimony of such ignorant and superstitious authors as the evangelists. They did not see him rise, and they contradict one another in almost every particular concerning that reported event: The preacher asks, "have you yet proved that the apostles did not declare that they saw Jesus alive after he was dead and buried? Or have you yet proved, that when they declared this, they declared a falsehood, though the declaration was made in the certain prospect of rousing the prejudices of the world against them, and of incurring certain misery and death itself?" I answer, that as Christians assert that the apostles saw Jesus alive after he was dead and buried, they are bound to prove that these men said so; we have no proof that even these ignorant and superstitious apostles declared any such thing; we have only the inconsistent relations of four ignorant writers that they saw him—two of these writers were not apostles, and could only learn the story from others, two only *are said to have been* apostles, but we are uncertain whether they wrote these stories or not; and their contradictions renders their testimony unworthy of credit. We have not declarations by all the apostles individually that they witnessed these things; but even if we had separate original affidavits, in the hand writing of all the apostles, that they saw Jesus rise from the grave, and saw him often alive after he was risen; they ought not to be believed, in direct opposition to the known laws of nature, even though that declaration had been made in the certain prospect of rousing the prejudices of the world against them, and of incurring certain misery and death itself; their superstitious zeal, and the hopes of eternal felicity in a future life for spreading the doctrines of Jesus on earth, appear to have made them venture their lives to propagate this doctrine, in the same manner as the superstitious zeal of the followers of Mahomet made them venture their lives to propagate and support that which he evidently taught.

The preacher says, "have you yet explained how, if they were a body of impostors, they would ever think of selecting for the founder of their faith, one who died a death more ignominious than that which is in the present day inflicted by the hangman." I answer, that I do not think above one or two of the first Christians were impostors and selected their founder. Sincere but ignorant men and very superstitious as were the first deluded, they did not select their founder, but believed a story that their original teacher suffered death unjustly*. A story was afterwards raised (like many other stories of Ghosts) that he was seen alive again after he was dead and buried, and the circumstances of his cruel death and reported appearance after it, made a deep impression

* Such was the story among the Pagans about Prometheus. R. C.

on the minds of his followers and caused them to think that he was a supernatural being. The mind of man is prone to superstition, and fond of the marvellous; the more frightful a story is, it is believed among ignorant people the more fervently, and if connected with religion it is embraced with uncommon devotion: but zeal and devotion prove nothing. I have heard many a story about ghosts and apparitions better told and attested, and as firmly believed, as this of the resurrection and appearances of Jesus after his death; and have been threatened with hell for doubting them; although unconnected with Christianity. The mass of mankind are guided much more by their passions in all things than by their reason, and in matters of religion, reason is generally condemned; they are so driven on by superstitious fears, that they dare not examine the foundation of religion.

The preacher again asks, "have you yet explained how a man of talent and of the most violent prejudices against Christianity, could all on a sudden abandon Gamaliel, disappoint the hopes of his friends, incur the hatred of almost his whole countrymen to whom he was enthusiastically attached, become the brother and apostle of the depised sect which he hated with the most rancorous inveteracy, and run in the face of the most direful persecutions, &c." I answer that the story of Paul's conversion seems very incorrect and is not supported by proof; even his sudden change from Judaism to Christianity proves nothing in favour of its divine origin, it only proves that he was an enthusiast whose mind was changed. Paul seems to have been a zealous bigot when a Jew but being struck with lightening (if the story is true) when going on a cruel errand, some strong impulse seems to have changed his mind, and he became an enthusiastic Christian, like all men who are driven by passion or superstition, and not guided by reason. He ran from one extreme to another; but the story of his conversion is very incorrectly told and it ought not to be trusted. The author of Acts relates it in one manner, and makes Paul himself to relate it in another; he says, chap. ix. ver. 7, that the men who were with Paul *heard a voice* but saw no man; yet in another place chap. xxii. ver. 9, he makes Paul to say, that they *heard not the voice* that spake to him. Paul was a man whose word should not be much trusted: he several times contradicted himself; and in claiming the power to work miracles, he seems to have stuck at no assertion that would promote the cause he had embraced.

The preacher again asks "Have you proved that Jesus did not really die, and that he rose only by the recurrence of the smothered but not extinguished spark of life?" I answer, that it is a weak and unnecessary position to assume, that Jesus was only apparently dead, and came again to life. If Jesus was really crucified and had his side pierced with a spear as related; I have no doubt that he really died; and as little doubt that he never rose again; and am quite satisfied that the whole story of his resurrection and ascension is a superstitious legend, unworthy of any credit. There is not as much evidence concerning this miraculous event, as would establish the truth of an ordinary and probable story; therefore it cannot establish the truth of one so extraordinary and utterly improbable. He says that Jesus was consigned to the cold sepulchre under the custody of a Roman Guard. This assertion is without any proof, it rests solely on Matthew's unsup-

ported and improbable story, which is negatived by the silence of all the other Evangelists and other circumstances that render it unworthy of credit. Whoever chooses to consult the CRITICAL REMARKS ON THE TRUTH AND HARMONY OF THE GOSPELS will find that subject more fully criticised.

The preacher says, "you have not explained how the matchless character of Jesus as described in the Evangelists could be compatible either with imposture or enthusiasm on his part, or on the part of those who describe it." I answer, if his character has been correctly described, he has indeed been a gloomy enthusiast of great pretensions; but he has been raised by particular circumstances to an eminence which he certainly never expected; and which his own exertions and merits did not deserve: those who have described his character or rather related his actions and sayings, have evidently been ignorant enthusiasts. He continues to speak of his character as matchless, as quite superior to every thing found in history; and says, that he taught the existence, the leity, the goodness, and the providence of God, &c. but he may be reminded, that we know very little of the personal character of Jesus except from sayings reported; many of his sayings are indeed matchless, but not quite superior to every thing found in history. He said that he came not to send peace on earth but the sword, that he came to set the father against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; and thanked his father that his peoples eyes were blinded and their hearts hardened, lest they should repent and be saved. He said that whosoever sinned against the Holy Ghost should never be forgiven, and that whosoever believed not on him should be damned: these and many similar sayings teach the *lenity and goodness of God*, and are certainly *matchless*; but they do not display much lenity to men, and ought not to be zealously forced on us as divine revelation. The preacher argues that Jesus gave a perfect system of religion in Christianity, but this is evidently untrue; he taught no regular system whatever and did nothing to model that which has been founded on his name; he did not explain clearly what he was himself nor who was his father; he gave no directions concerning Church government, and no clear instruction concerning particular practices and doctrines that have been much contested; and his twelve apostles did as little as himself. Christianity was at first so imperfect that it had no distinct or tangible form, and in succeeding ages it has assumed many various forms according to the spirit of the times or the temper and circumstances of its professors. This revelation is so very imperfect that there cannot be any close or permanent agreement among Christians. If any almighty intelligent power should really engage to establish a pure and perfect system of religion among mankind, that power would certainly accomplish its purpose in a more perfect manner than has been done, more effectual means would surely be taken to accomplish the end, than these imperfect instructions, and contradictory narratives, of doubtful events and useless miracles. The preacher (like Christians in general) is anxious to shew that great men were Christians, that "the sagacious Boyle, the acute and judicious Locke, the sublime Newton, with innumerable other worthies," believed in the divine origin of Christianity, and supported its doctrines; but this argument proves nothing in support

of its claim ; no name however great can change error into truth ; every cause ought to stand on its own merits alone : no man ever yet had a perfect knowledge of every thing ; Boyle and Locke were not nearly perfect in their most favourite studies ; Newton himself was weak and inaccurate as a theologian, and absent almost to stupidity in the ordinary affairs of life.

There is another subject ardently laid hold of by Christians in support of their religion, that changes that may take place in the opinions of unbelievers on their death beds ; but this proves just as little as the opinions of great men. The professors of every religion can furnish an abundance of stories concerning recantations or the death bed horrors of those who have left them, or have been their enemies. That these stories are often fabricated I have good reason to believe* ; but even if all these stories were true, they would not prove the truth of any religion ; they would only shew that when near dissolution, the bodily frame is generally unnerved, and the mind consequently agitated ready to be disturbed by any fear, and to grasp at any hope however visionary. In bodily sickness and agitation of mind, few men can examine deliberately and judge correctly concerning such doubtful matters. In that state of body and mind, any settlement of worldly affairs would be held invalid in law and be set aside ; and if so, how can men be said to judge accurately concerning affairs that are much more dark and doubtful ? It is only when men are in bodily health and sound mind that they can examine the grounds of faith impartially and judge correctly concerning them.

I observe, that Christians are anxious to shew that Thomas Pain, wished to recant on his death bed, and died in horror of mind ; there is no proof of it whatever ; there is some to the contrary ; *but if he had died in horror of mind*, it would have proved nothing more than this, that the opinion of a man whose faculties were impaired by age and sickness, had been changed by these circumstances. The arguments advanced in the "Age of Reason" would have been equally as strong, and the reasoning quite as accurate, if his opinions had really changed, as if they had continued the same to the close of his life. Every system of religion ought to stand on its own merits alone, and bear the closest examination *in bodily health and sound reason*. The system is rotten, that trusts for support to sickly opinion, and stories of death bed recantation. If Sir Isaac Newton's opinions had changed on his death bed, if he had then (in a state of nervous alarm excited by the superstitious fears of his surrounding friends) declared that his former philosophical reasonings concerning the rotundity of the earth, the motions of the heavenly bodies, and the laws of gravitation were false ; that agreeable to the *Holy Scriptures*, he now believed that the earth was an outstretched plain, that there was no planetary system, nor regular motion of these bodies ; and that the laws of gravitation were visionary and absurd ; that in accordance with divine revelation, he believed that there was a concave arch over our heads called in scripture a firmament ;

* About ten months ago, I was thought to be dying, and a report was circulated that I had changed my opinion ; which was utterly false, it had no foundation but in the means of sickness. The same report took place a few weeks ago with a very worthy friend of mine, who is now recovered and declared that the report concerning him is without foundation ; but even if we had both done so it would have proved nothing.

that the stars were fixed to it, and that the sun moved round the earth; such a change of his opinions would not have made his former sound reasonings false, nor have proved that such sickly opinions were true; it would only have shewn, that his faculties were impaired and his mind agitated, and that in such a state he was incapable of reasoning accurately on the subject! In like manner, if Thomas Paine's opinions *had been changed* in his death sickness, the case would have been the same with his reasonings as is here supposed with those of Sir Isaac Newton.

In speaking of the preachers of Christianity you generally use the term "Priests," and, (I suppose as a term of reproach) and speak of them with considerable bitterness*; you have no doubt much cause to hate both Christianity and its ministers, but you have as much reason to reproach the majority of the people for bigotry as the priests; a great proportion of the people are quite as bitter as enemies to you as the clergy, the men who have done you the most injury are of the laity; without whose support and assistance the Priests could do little against you, as a remedy our efforts should be chiefly directed to clear away superstition from the minds of the people. The fears and superstitious devotion of an ignorant people seem first to have produced Priests, and still support them; and they in their turn foster and cherish that superstition; but if the Priests did not preach against unbelief, and consign unbelievers to eternal perdition, a great proportion of the people would not hear them, but would raise up other preachers to excite their devotion and satisfy their passions. I observe that the most furious preachers are generally best attended, we had some experience of this disposition in many of the people at the time the Zetetic Society was dispersed by the Sheriff. I still remember the furious scowl of the crowd on that occasion, as soon as it was publicly known, that we were infidels, some ladies in the New Town would not use the articles that had been got in my brother's shop; and most of them in his neighbourhood charged their servants not to enter it again. We were well informed, that many people *charitably* said that most of us ought to be hanged or transported, and generally, the *softer sex* so remarkable for kindness and humanity *were our most bitter enemies*. That feeling still, exists in some force, with those who are guided more by devotion than by reason. A respectable and well informed lady, whom I lately desired to peruse Mrs. Wright's trial, and excellent defence, told me when returning it, that she was certainly a woman of abilities, but applied them *to a very bad use*; and that you who instigated her to such a line of conduct *ought to have your head struck off*, that ministers had hitherto trifled with you. In short, I conceive, that, the *very religious people* would allow much less freedom of discussion on the merits of Christianity than we at present actually enjoy.

When an order of Priests are established by law, and we are compelled to support that priesthood, *they are a public burden*, and we ought to dislike them, and endeavour to get rid of them; but when people willingly support preachers of their own (which most of them do) the Priests if conscientious, ought not to be blamed for enjoying a comfortable living; and the people deserve

* Not so indeed, every preacher of religion is a Priest. I have no presbyterian feelings about me, to consider the word "Priest" a term of reproach, or an allusion to a minister of the "scarlet whore."

no sympathy for this voluntary burden in such cases; I consider preachers and people as nearly alike, and have generally found these sects more bitter enemies to unbelievers than the members of the established Church.

I have often felt very indignant at the superstitious intolerance of the people, but am generally checked by this consideration, that no man can form or alter his own opinions; that they are generally formed by education, and changed or maintained by circumstances over which he has little or no controul. I consider the origin of religion to be in the nervous organization of the human body, and in the particular circumstances in which mankind are placed; having their minds agitated by the various passions of love and hatred, hope and fear, joy and sorrow. Fear seems to be the principal support of religion, this is excited by the evils and threatening aspect of nature, the dark and gloomy night, the raging storm, the violent hurricane, the rolling thunder, the darting lightning, the appalling earthquake, &c. the troubles of our condition in life, sorrow for the loss of dear friends, the fear of death and an *unknown or imaginary future state*. Devotion and superstition are nourished by the quiet and timid, fostered and supported by the devout and ignorant, excited and inflamed by fanatics and enthusiasts, and moulded into various systems of worship according to particular circumstances. I consider nature as the parent of devotion, and superstitions of all kinds. These are some of the many evils which nature produces; but even this has profusely *some* counterbalancing good, as good and evil are in almost every case intermixed.

There are many Materialists who seem as ardent in admiring nature and her laws, as the most devout Christians are of a person-God; but their unmixed praise is liable to great objections. Nature's laws are certainly admirable in many things, and curious in all, but they are a strange compound of good and evil, producing pleasure and pain, enjoyment and suffering, consider thunder storms, and hurricanes, Lions and Tygers, Eagles and Vultures, Sharks, Crocodiles, and Serpents, all made to destroy, go to a common slaughter house, survey it, and then pronounce if nature's laws are altogether admirable or good; nature, though kind in many respects, has, in others, been a cruel step-mother to man and all animated beings; more than a half of the habitable globe is unhealthy, or uncomfortable to live in. Is this admirable? Every man, in himself is a miniature picture of the system of nature, a strange compound of good and evil, yet, as perfect as any part of it; our reason is the best endowment we receive from nature, by the right use of it we may in most cases better our condition, and remedy many of the evils by which we are surrounded. If education and other circumstances did not prevent us. The evils and imperfections are equally afflicting, whether we admit a first cause distinct from nature, or consider nature herself as proucing all, which seems most obvious; it is necessary for us to study nature's laws; but *we have little reason to admire them all*, and as little to worship their supposed author.

Yours truly,

ROBERT AFFLECK.

END OF VOL. X.

